

P O E M

UPON

His MAJESTY's late Journey

Cambridge and Newmarket.

(Price One Shilling.)



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His M A J E S T Y's

Late J O U R N E Y

T O

Cambridge and Newmarket.

B Y

*EUSTACE BUDGELL Esq;*Of the *Inner-Temple.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for BENJ. MOTTE, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*,
in *Fleet-street.* M.DCC.XXVIII.

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LAST JOURNEY

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BY

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T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,



Humbly presume to lay the following Verses at Your MAJESTY'S Feet. The *Design* of them, at least, is such, as I am sure your Majesty will approve. It is to make a *good-natured, free People* sensible how infinitely happy they are in their *Prince*, and to celebrate, in some measure, the great and amiable Qualities of an *Hero*, whose *Fame* and *Welfare* are much dearer to your Majesty than your *Own*.

A Person, who had been *Equal* to this Work, is now no more. I mean the late Mr. *Addison*; who perhaps, considered in all the various Lights of an Author, has never yet been excelled by any Writer either *Ancient* or *Modern*. His Masterly Genius was constantly employed for the real Interest of his Country; He has drawn our *Great Deliverer*, King WILLIAM, in Colours worthy that Glorious Monarch; He has immortalized the Victories of her late Majesty Queen ANNE, under the Conduct of her Great General the Duke of MARLBOROUGH; His Political Writings, when the *Protestant Succession* was thought doubtful, contributed not a little to endear it to his Fellow-Subjects. In those Writings the Vertues of all your Illustrious Family are finely represented; and in his Poem, addressed to your Majesty with the Tragedy of *Cato*, He has celebrated the Charms of your Majesty's *Person* and *Mind* in such just and beautiful Lines, as must necessarily make them read by Posterity, as long as the *English* Tongue shall be understood. Had he lived till now, to see our Present King succeed to the Throne of his Ancestors with the general Love of his People, and our unhappy *Party Distinctions* lost in an Emulation of Loyalty; in what Strong and Immortal Numbers would the *Patriot* and the *Poet* have expressed his Joy!

When I reflect on *This*, and my own Performance, I must blush to own that I had the Honour to be a near Relation to a Person, who was so great an Ornament to his Age and Country. It is still matter of more Confusion to me, when I consider, That *Vertue* is of a *contagious* Nature as well as *Vice*; and that there are few besides my self, who, with the Advantage of living *Seven* Years in the most intimate degree of *Friendship* and *Familiarity* with so great a Genius, would not have given much better Proofs of it than I am able to produce.

Mr. ADDISON had the Honour to be personally well known to your Majesty; and in many Conversations, which I can scarce reflect upon without Tears, I have heard him enlarge with equal Pleasure and Admiration upon your Majesty's Great Knowledge and most *Exquisite Taste* in every part of *Polite Learning*; I have heard him foretel, in a sort of Rapture, how happy *Men of real Genius* and *Capacity* must necessarily be, should your Majesty ever wear the *British* Crown. He was very seldom mistaken in his Judgment, and never less so than on this Occasion. Your Majesty stands at present eminently confessed, through all *Europe*, the great *Patroness of Arts and Sciences*.

From this *Title*, however *Glorious*, one Inconvenience will naturally arise. Your Majesty must expect to be tormented with the Addresses of a Sett of Men, who have no other Pretence to *Merit*, than that of being *Meer Pedants*, and *Insignificant Scholars*; but neither they, nor the World ought to be surprized, if your Majesty's discerning Judgment immediately distinguishes *such*, from those few happy Men who are blessed by Nature with a *real Genius* and *useful Accomplishments*. There have been many great and eminent Persons, who became so by the meer Strength of their own *Natural Capacities*, without the Assistance of *Learning*; but *Learning* without *Nature* never yet produced any thing truly valuable. Every Man may be a *Scholar*, who has *strong Eyes*, a *plodding Head*, a *phlegmatick Temper*, and *Leisure* to study; but if, with all these happy Talents, he has a *wrong Judgment*, and an *ill Taste*, he is but hourly adding to a *Collection of Absurdities*, and grows every day either a more *insufferable Pedant*, or *distinguished Coxcomb*.

When great *Natural Parts* are still improv'd by great *acquired Ones*; when, where Nature has laid the *Foundation*, Learning raises the *Superstructure*; These two, thus happily combining, form indeed a *Great Man*. Such were the Men, whom our renowned Queen *Elizabeth*, the greatest *Lover of Learning* in that Age, chose to be her *Counsellors* at Home, and her *Agents* Abroad. With *such* Men she compos'd *such* a *Ministry*, as perhaps no Times have ever parallell'd, overcame such Difficulties as were generally thought unsurmountable, and has made her Reign, beyond all Dispute, the most *Shining Part* of the *British History*.

What may we not hope for from the Reign of His present M A J E S T Y, bless'd with a *Fair Confidant*, who, to all the Charms of Her own Sex, has added the most valuable Accomplishments of *ours*! and who can have no *Interest* distinct from that of her *Royal Consort*!

Isabella of *Castile*, with equal *Wit* and *Reason*, used to tell her Royal Consort *Ferdinand* the *Catholick*, that *In a Court there ought to be no other Favourites, than the Queen Favourite to the King, and the King Favourite to the Queen*. If this be true, how infinitely happy is the King of *Great Britain* in a Partner of his Throne, equally capable of heightening his *Politest Pleasures*, and sharing his most *Weighty Cares*! And how bless'd will our Posterity probably be under the Offspring of such Parents!

One Thing, M A D A M, I pretend fully to have learnt from that *Great Man*, my deceased *Friend* and *Relation*: viz. That, under God, the Happiness of these Kingdoms must entirely depend upon our preserving the *Protestant Succession* in your Majesty's most Illustrious Family; in which I hope it will continue till *Time* and *Great Britain* are no more.

I am, with the most profound *Humility* and *Respect*,

May it please Your M A J E S T Y,

Your M A J E S T Y's

Most Dutiful,

And most Devoted Subject and Servant,



T H E

P R E F A C E.

HIS MAJESTY'S late gracious Condescension in visiting his Royal University of Cambridge, and his Bounty to that Learned Body, call for the Acknowledgment of every Lover of Letters. This, and my being a Witness with what Transports of Joy a good Prince was every where received by a grateful People, gave Occasion to the following Verses.

If Affairs of a pretty extraordinary kind had not sometimes diverted my Attention, I should have hoped that the following Lines might not have been altogether unworthy their Great Subject. It seems some People envy me even the Ruins of a Fortune, which before the fatal Year 1720, was more than sufficient to have satisfy'd the Ambition of a Private Gentleman. Some late Proceedings have made it very evident, that I am not oppressed by a common Hand ;--- But I must not turn a Preface into a Remonstrance.----The Publick will, I hope, receive this small Poem with a little Indulgence. As for those Gentlemen who excel in Poetry themselves, I beg leave to assure them, that I am far from presuming to set myself up as their Rival, or aiming at the Name of a Poet. Upon the sight of my King passing to Cambridge, thro' the Acclamations of his People, I confess a sudden Impulse came upon me too strong to be resisted. But if they will have the Goodness to pardon this one Attempt, I believe they will not soon hear of me again in Verse. I have often looked with Concern upon those Persons, who lay out all their Abilities upon Poetry ; How much Elegance of Expression ! How much Judgment and Fancy ! How much Wit and Learning are requisite to the Composition of a good Poem ! And yet when the Piece is finished, and exposed to the Censure and Envy of the World, how very few are capable of tasting its Beauties ! and how few, even of that Number, have the Generosity to own them !

My

My present Circumstances have determined me, for the future, to follow with the utmost Application the Profession of the Law, for which I was originally design'd; far from being discouraged, that after I was of no less than twenty Years standing in the honourable Society of the Inner-Temple, and had been actually called to the Bar, to which I humbly conceive I had an undoubted Right, there was such an Attempt made by a CERTAIN PERSON to prevent my being sworn, and acting in my Profession in Westminster-Hall, as I believe I may aver was never heard of before, since the Foundation of the Inns of Court.

But tho' I am quitting other Parts of Learning myself, I take this Opportunity of Congratulating such of my Country-Men as are still in the pursuit of them, upon the certain Prospect they have of all reasonable Encouragement under the Government of their present most Sacred MAJESTIES.

Our KING is well known to be himself an Excellent Scholar, and in particular to have a most exact Knowledge of Ancient and Modern History; which as it gives a Man the Experience of past Ages, is the most certain Assistance human Wisdom can have, in order to form a right Judgment of things present; and is indeed the only Study truly worthy a Great Prince.

Our Queen is so very remarkable for Learning, and her Love of Learned Men, that she has been celebrated under this Character in Germany, Great Britain, and France, by Monsieur Leibnitz, Dr. Clark, and Monsieur Fontenelle.

I beg leave to add, That I have often reflected, not without some Wonder and Concern, that those extraordinary Proofs of Personal Courage, which His present Majesty gave at the Battle of Oudenarde, have never yet been transmitted to Posterity in the manner they deserved; especially since such Actions as these made the Heroes of former Ages glare in Heroick Poetry, and are indeed the very Life and Spirit of that kind of Writing: I am conscious that I am not capable of placing this Action in its full Light. My only Aim in the short Sketch I have drawn of it, is to excite some greater Genius to undertake that Subject.





A POEM on His MAJESTY's late Journey to
Cambridge and Newmarket.

B *Ritannia's* King in Arms in Arts renown'd,
With martial Wreaths and peaceful Olives
crown'd,

His Mind unbending from severer Cares,
From *Europe's* Counfels and the World's Affairs,
Of *GRANTA's* learned Seats prefers the Charms,
And quits awhile even *CAROLINA's* Arms.

See! as in solemn State he moves along,
How all the way the pleas'd transported Throng
On their Great Monarch fix their ardent Eyes,
And with applauding Thunder rend the Skies :

Hark! how to Heav'n their suppliant Voice they raise,
 Imploring Health and Length of Glorious Days.

For this his Steers unyoke'd, the painful *Hind*
 Leaves the long Furrow half unplough'd behind;
 Soon as he sees the Royal Train advance,
 Eager he presses for a single Glance,
 The *God-like Aspect* strikes his ravish'd Sight,
 And his Heart flutters with unknown Delight.

Thus passes through his Realm *Britannia's* Lord,
 Like the young Sun in Eastern Climes ador'd,
 Like that bright Orb, with a diffusive Ray,
 Cheers all, and makes the Face of Nature gay.

And now, O CAM, to thy illustrious Domes,
 Thy Royal Guest, thy King, thy Patron comes;
 With loyal Raptures, and in decent State,
 The Learned Throng upon their Sovereign wait;

His

His gracious Presence all obedient greet,
 And fall in Crouds submissive at his Feet :
 But most the Laurel'd Tribe in Transport gaze
 On the Great Subject of their future Lays ;
 While thus intent they view his Form serene,
 His awful Look, and his Majestick Mien,
 Their Fancy's in a Blaze of Glory lost,
 Doubt which Immortal Virtue merits most,
 His publick Labour which all *Europe* shares,
 Or his more private and domestick Cares ;
 The Confort's Fondness, or the generous Arts
 Of reigning in a Free-born People's Hearts :
 His *open* Ear to all, and free Access,
 Each Subject's Wrongs impatient to redress,
 His never-ceasing Study to call forth
Virtue oppress'd, and undistinguish'd *Worth*,
 His constant Justice, join'd with winning Ease,
 His Martial Prowess, or his Love of Peace.

The Fair with different Eyes observant trace,
 The softer Lines and Beauties of his Face;
 His easy Greatness, his engaging Air,
 And Charms that might the coldest Heart ensnare;
 Yet aw'd by Duty, struggling with Desire,
 They check the growing Flame, and silently admire.

And now assembled with his Learned Seers,
 Such is his Love of Arts, the *King* appears;
 In graceful Order all around him stand,
 The Letter'd Youth, the Hopes of *Britain's* Land.
 Taught here with Vice to wage successful War,
 To grace the *Senate*, *Pulpit*, and the *Bar*:
 Well pleas'd their flowing Habits to behold,
 Their Learned Rites and Forms ordain'd of Old;
 O'er all the Dome he casts his ravish'd Eyes,
 And feels new Pleasures in his Breast arise;
 Whilst every Rank with Rival Powers contend
 Which most the Royal Virtues shall commend;

His God-like Acts alternate they rehearse,
In strong Orations some, and some in smoother Verse.

Mean while great BRUNSWICK, nodding from his Throne,
Confirms their Rights, and yet asserts his own ;
By his creating Voice, propitious, wise,
Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines arise;
Even here his Regal Grandeur He maintains,
And in the *Council of the Muses* reigns.

Young AMMON thus, in more than Kingly State,
Amidst the fam'd *Athenian* Sages fate :
To Arts and Eloquence decreed the Prize,
And saw the tender Seeds of Science rise.

Nor think, O PRINCE, from whom these Honours spring,
Such Condescensions are beneath a King ;
Without a *Genius* to transmit his Deeds,
In vain the Patriot wakes, the Hero bleeds,

But in the Poet's and Historian's Page,
They act, and shine again through every Age.

ACHILLES lives in HOMER'S Verse alone,
ÆNEAS now had been a Name unknown,
Lost in the Mass of unremembered Things,
Had not the *Mantuan* Poet plum'd his Wings:
Thy Glorious Predecessor Great NASSAU,
Who rescu'd Nations, who gave *Europe* Law,
Of Common Mortals must have felt the Doom;
And been forgot in Ages yet to come,
Had not his HALIFAX embalm'd his Name,
And ADDISON secur'd his deathless Fame.

Even thy own Deeds, O BRUNSWICK, will demand
Great as they are, some well-instructed Hand,
Which in exalted and immortal Lays,
May, when thy Labours cease, record thy Praise;
So shall it stand to latest Times confess'd
How we thy People in our Prince were blest'd.

Proud of this Work unnumbered Bards shall rise,
And CAM and ISIS long dispute the Prize ;
Till one Superiour shall the rest outshine,
And a new *Iliad* grace the *Brunswick* Line.

From GRANTA now with the declining Day,
To those fam'd Plains our Monarch bends his Way,
Where all his Strength the *British* Courser shews,
Ambitious of the Prize Great GEORGE bestows.

Lo! at the Barrier how the fiery Steed
Champs on the Bit, impatient to be freed ;
His quivering Ears exprefs his strong Desire,
From his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire,
With restless Feet he paws the trembling Plain,
And struggling oft attempts to start in vain.

At length, the Signal giv'n, in just Array
Through gazing Crouds the Rivals take their way :

At their full Stretch they urge the rapid Flight,
 And in a moment quit the straining Sight;
 So long, so smooth their Strokes, and yet so fleet,
 Scarce bends the tender Turf beneath their Feet:
 Almost they prove that the swift-footed Kind
 Sprung, as old Bards have fabled, from the *Wind*.
 On this distinguish'd Day, the Noble Breed
 Seem'd to exert a more than usual Speed;
 As if by Instinct each contending Horse,
 Knew that *Britannia's* King beheld the Course.

And yet, O PRINCE, with far superiour Grace,
 Might the proud Species boast their generous Race,
 Did they but know on *Oudenarda's* Plain
 How greatly *one Illustrious Steed* was slain;
 Well pleas'd his Life in Battle to resign,
 Pierc'd with the fatal Ball, which threatned *Thine*.

On that Important Day, well known to Fame,
 And made Immortal by thy Glorious Name,

When

When, like a Tempest, in *Europa's* Right,
 Thy Martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight,
 Where-e'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,
 Where-e'er the thickest of her Foes engag'd,
 There wast thou seen, too prodigal of Life,
 While thy rash Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.

The *Gauls* retreating, yet aham'd to see
 The Fortune of the Day o'er-ru'd by Thee,
 By Thee alone, a single youthful Hand,
 Boil'd with fresh Rage; and yet afraid to stand,
 Like the Old *Parthians*, fighting as they fled,
 Aim'd all the War at thy devoted Head.

Great JULIUS thus, on *Egypt's* distant Coast,
 Surrounded by a whole embattled Host,
 Wag'd for a while a bloody desp'rate Fight;
 Yet he, inferior to thy daring Might,
 Declin'd at length the too advent'rous Strife,
 When plunging in the Waves, he sav'd his Life.

Whilst thus in Showers, which darken all the Sky,
 The missive Deaths around thy Temples fly,
 Close-fighting by thy Side, in Arms renown'd,
 The Valiant * LUSCKY falls, and stains the Ground ;
 There hadst Thou too resign'd thy Sacred Breath,
 Had not thy Horse receiv'd the leaden Death ;
 Sinking beneath thy manly Limbs, the Steed,
 His Master safe, with Triumph seems to bleed ;
 Whilst thou relying, all the future Day,
 On thine own Arm, through Squadrons made'st thy Way ;
 (Thy Hand uncumber'd with the useless Rein,)
 And fought'st a *private Soldier* on the Plain.

Yet pardon, *Mighty Chief*, the faithful Muse,
 If what she must *admire*, she can't *excuse*.

A *Day* will come, if I aright foresee,
 When *Europe's Eyes* shall all be fix'd on Thee ;

* His present *MAJESTY* charged Sword in hand at the Head of a Squadron of Bulau's Dragoons : His own Horse was shot under him, and Colonel Luscky, who commanded the Squadron, kill'd, as he was fighting bravely by him.

When one Decisive Triumph o'er thy Foes
 Shall give *her* Freedom, and the World Repose.

But on that glorious, that important Day,
 When all the War shall stand in dread Array ;
 When on each Side the sprightly Trumpets sound,
 And the loud Cannons scatter Death around,
 The rapid Ardour of thy Breast compose,
 Nor like a Whirlwind plunge amidst thy Foes ;
 Then think on *Oudenard's* unequal Plain,
 Nor thus expose thy Sacred Life again ;
 Suspend thy dreadful Sword, tho' lifted high,
 And on thy *Presence* and thy *Voice* rely.
 Too much already of the *Brunswick* Blood
 Hath stain'd the fatal Field for *Europe's* Good ;
 The present Age ev'n still with Grief relates
 How thy *Three* Glorious Uncles met their Fates.
 By some accurs'd, by some ill-omen'd Ball,
 Should'st Thou (which Heav'n avert) in Battle fall,

Think

Think how thy God-like Progeny would mourn, when W
From such a Father and Example torn! *Thy* *W*
What Streams must flow from CAROLINA's Eyes!
What Storms within her Beautéous Bosom rise!
Think on a Nation's Grief; and Oh! beware;
Oh! make thy Life, a People's Wish, thy Care;
Fulfil the Purpose of the Powers Divine;
For know *Britannia's* Fate depends on *Thine*.

F I N I S

